

THE INDIAN DAYS.

How a War Was Caused in Georgia by the Theft of a Pony.

Away back in Indian times there lived a man in Stewart County who owned some horses, and a raging party of Indians stole one of his best ones and carried it across the river. The man "g" tracked the horse to the river, crossing he went to a noted resort, and here found his horse in the possession of a tawny warrior. "Muchee, good pon' way. Ugh. Tote two big warriors long ways. This was said to induce the friendly man said: 'This is my horse, 'an not aware that he was talking to the lawful owner. "Come across the river, and I'll pay your price," said the white man. Once across the river he turned to the Indian and the friendly man said: "This is my horse, 'an you stole it. Now I've got it again I'll see if I can't keep it. Get on to your side of the river." This was the last straw. The war of Roanoke followed.

There was a terrible beginning. The proprietor of Roanoke murdered his goods stolen, his possessions burned, his cry, "To arms," was echoed from hill to hill, and the hardy militia in the field. The Indians plundered a man of his horse, and the white man, themselves up in clothing stolen from the whites so as to surprise the man who had obtained his horse at such a risk. The Indians were sitting on a log near the creek, and Face Bush, coming up the creek, was met by them. They were coming up the creek in search of Fernigan's company. Bell and Sampson were out in a clearing, and Sampson, walking on the hill at the foot of which flowed the Nochtaway, saw a man coming up the creek, and he, on a horse, and thinking they were Fernigan's men he shouted: "Hello, boys, I was just a lookin' for ye," and started toward them. Suddenly, as he came within rifle range, he was electrified by the flashing of rifles, but soon his head, and with it, the Indians, fell in pursuit of Bush, who was now flying for life. Bell was on horseback, and hearing the commotion galloped to a deep ravine, up which Bush was flying, and seeing the Indians pursuing them, and they found that he was seriously wounded. "Leave me, boys," said he, "I can't go any further." But Bell proposed to get him in the horse. They lifted him up, but then the horse smelt the blood and refused to carry him. "Blindfold the wounded horse," cried Bell, and this expedient was resorted to with happy results, and all three escaped.—*Americus Ga.) Reformer.*

GENIUS AND INSANITY.

Quality Which Often Bears a Likeness to Eccentricity.

To the multitude of men genius wears double aspect. Superlative intellectual endowment is plainly something very unlike the ordinary type of intelligence. The relation of lofty superiority includes that of distance, and mediocrity in viewing the advent of some new spiritual star may adopt either the one or the other *maniere de voir*. What the Nocturnal thinker for special contemplation depends on circumstances. In general, it may be said that, since the recognition of greatness presupposes a power of comprehension not always granted mediocre intellects, the latter are apt to be so impressed that the fact of altitude. It is only when supreme wisdom has justified itself, as in the predictions of the true prophet, that its essential rightness is seen by the crowd. Otherwise the staring ideas which had to look for recognition mainly from his peers and the slightly more numerous company of those whose heads rise above the mass of contemporary prejudice. It is easy to see the danger of overlooking the genius as marked divergence from common sense views of things may lead on to a condemnation of it as a thing unnatural and misshapen. For, evidently, such divergence bears a strong likeness to eccentricity. Indeed, as has been well said, the original teacher has this much in common with the man mentally deranged, that he "is in a minority of one," and, when pains are not taken to note the direction of the divergence, originality may readily be confounded with the most stupid singularity. And, further, a cursory glance at the constitution of genius will suffice to show that the originator of the most startling ideas is very apt to seek the sense of common men by eccentricities in his manner of life. A man whose soul is being consumed by the desire to discover some new truth is free to give shape to the new artistic ideal, and is liable to fall below the exactions of conventional society in the matter of toilet and other small necessities of life. Among the many unromantically pathetic incidents in the records of greatness are, perhaps, those of men so much taken with the tumult of Beethoven to dress himself with scrupulous conformity to the Viennese pattern of his day.—*Nineteenth Century.*

HIS RIGHTS.

How an Arkansas Negro Secured His Dues From a Railroad Company.

An old negro called on the President of a railroad company. Hobbling into the room he said:

"Look at me, sah."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Money."

"What for?"

"Dis heah," holding out a foot from which three toes had been cut.

"I've not time to go to the shoemaker."

"Well, er mighty fine lawyer tells me at yer heas. Wuz on one o' yer trains thether week when hit jumped de track. De lawyer says dat I ken rekiver er noutan' dollars."

"Didn't you once work for the railroad?"

"Yas, sah, I worked fur it twicet."

"Were you not riding on a free pass?"

"No, sah, wuz ridin' on de train."

"You ken'ter go to the shoemaker. Didn't you have a free pass?"

"No, sah, I'll sw' ar ter Lawd I didn't, an' more den dat I ken probe de matter."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"Porposes ter hab my rights. Gint ten dollars an' a pass fur a year an' I'll let de thing drop."

The money and the pass were given him.

"Thankee, sah." As he hobbled down the stairs he muttered, "Wan't ridin' on er free pass. Wuz er stealin' at ride. Dis pass is jes' inter my han'." Wuz er fetch up fish from de bayou. Kulu, dis ten dollar bill is er puz etty ez a new shirt."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—The mine mule is the least enviable of all useful beasts. He never leaves the mine after he goes in except perishing with thirst. He is a patient, hard-working, deeply abused animal. His only recreation is kicking.—*Cleveland Leader.*